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Popular Tales.

THE INDIAN ORPHAN.

By Miss Landon.

— Surely there are

Some stars whose influence is upon our lives
Evil and overpowering : it is these
That blight the young rose in its earliest spring ;
Sully the pearl fresh from its native sea ;
Wing the shaft to the youthful warrior's breast
In his first field ; and fade the crimson cheek
And blue eyes of the beautiful.

Yes, I remember well how she would sit of an evening and watch the sky, while her eyes flashed with light, as wild, as intense, as the brightest star on which she gazed : and when my kiss awakened her from her dream, I remember too the warm heavy tears that were on the cheek she pressed to mine. "Thou art not like thy mother, my fair child," she would exclaim ; "may thy life be unlike hers too !" and the words came forth so gently, and her voice was so sweet ! I better loved to sit by her knee and listen to her sad soft song, than to chase the fairest butterfly that lay like a gem on the roses I delighted to water. But my mother's voice grew feeble, and darkness settled on her eyes ; her lip was pale and parched, and when I hung on her neck, she told me she was sick and faint, and wept : she would lie for hours on the mat, and an old woman who came to see us sometimes, said she was dying. Dying !—I knew not what she meant, but I felt sad, very sad, and went and lay down by my mother ;—but the hand I took was burning, and the pressure was so slight I scarcely felt it.

It was a beautiful summer sunset,—not those soft gradual tints which melt on the evenings I have since seen in England, but the sunset of a southern clime, all passion, all flame—the sky was crimson ; the Ganges was crimson too : its waves flashed through the green foliage that overshadowed it, like the gush of red meteors through the midnight clouds. My mother called me to her ; I knelt by the mat, while she told me to look on the glorious sky, and said it was the last she should ever see ; that like the sun she was passing to darkness and silence, but not like the sun to return. She said she looked for the arrival of a stranger ; and if he came after her spirit had fled—"My child, you will remember your mother's last words—tell him I have loved him even unto death ; my latest prayer was his name and thine." She leant back, and gasped fearfully, then lay quiet as if she slept, yet her eyes were open and fixed on me. I remember yet how I trembled before that cold and appalling look. It grew dark ; I lay close down to her side and fell asleep. The morning sun was looking cheerfully forth when I awoke :—my mother lay so still, so motionless, that I believed her to be yet sleeping ; but her eyes wide open and bent on me tempted

me to kiss her ; even at this moment the chill of that touch is upon my lips. For the first time I shrank from her ; I spoke, but she answered not ; I took her cold hand, but instantly loosed it : it fell from mine—she had said she was dying—could this be death ? I felt a wild vague conviction that we were separated for ever ; but the very despair of separation brought with it the hope of re-union : I might die too.

I was repeating with incoherent rapidity, "My mother, let me die with you !" one arm round the neck of the corpse, the other fanning backwards and forwards, to keep away the flies, and my cheek resting upon hers, when the door of the hut opened, and a stranger entered. I looked up with wonder, not unmixed with pleasure ; the splendour of his scarlet and gold dress, the white waving plumes of his helmet, soon attracted a child's attention ; but child as I was, one glance at his face fastened my gaze. The deep crimson of exercise had given place to a hue of ghastly whiteness ; every feature was convulsed ; his deep broken sobs as he sat by the bed, his face covered with his hands, yet startle my memory : at last I remembered my mother's words, and hesitatingly approached him, and repeated them. He started, and clasped me in his arms. I felt his tears on my face ; he seemed kind, yet fear was my principal sensation, as wringing my hands and my mother's together, he said in words scarcely audible : "Abra, my care of our child shall atone for my desertion of thee !" Others, his attendants now came in : to one of these he gave me in charge ! but when they strove to raise me from the body, I struggled in their hold, and grasped a hand, and implored my mother to keep me. I was however, carried away, weeping the first tears of sorrow I had ever shed.

My course of life was completely changed : I was placed in the family of a Mr. and Mrs. L—. They had many children of their own, educated under their own roof ; to my father it therefore appeared a most eligible situation ; to me it was one of unceasing mortification, of unvaried unhappiness. Mr. and Mrs. L. considered me as an incumbrance, which their obligations to Mr. St. Leger did not allow them to throw off ; and their children as a rival, though, from my being the daughter of an Indian, as being inferior to all. But this very repelling of my best affections caused them to flow the more strongly where their current was not checked : the memory of my mother was to me the heart's religion ; my love to my father was the sole charm of existence. I grew up a neglected, solitary, and melancholy girl, affectionate from nature, reserved from necessity ; when I was suddenly summoned to attend the death-bed of my father. He breathed his last in my arms. I never left the corpse—I watched the warmth the last colour of life depart, till the hard became ice, the cheek marble. He was buried

in his uniform ; my hand threw the military cloak over his face : even when they nailed down the coffin I remained, though every blow struck to my heart as the farewell to happiness, the last words of hope. They bore the corpse away ; and as the physician forbade my attendance at the funeral, I watched the procession as it passed the window. The muffled drums, the dead march, seemed sounds from the grave ;—stately figures paced with slow and solemn steps ; with their arms and eyes bent down silently to the earth, I saw them move onward ; I lost the sound of the heavy measured tread, I only caught a distant tone of the now faint music. I sprang forward in desperate eagerness ; the sun was at noon ; my head was uncovered, yet I felt not the heat : I followed and reached the grave as they were lowering the body to its long home. The whole scene swam before me, and I was carried back insensible by some who recognised me. On my recovery I was coldly informed that my father's property, left wholly mine, insured me a small, but independent fortune ; and that his will expressed a wish for my immediate departure for England, assigned to the care of a Mrs. Audley, a distant relation of his. Everything was prepared for my departure : an orphan with not one either to love or be loved by, I was perfectly indifferent to my future destiny. The evening before I embarked I went to bid farewell to my father's grave ; there was a storm gathering on the sky, and the hot still air and my own full heart oppressed me almost to suffocation. There was no light save from the fire-flies which covered the mansion, or from the dim reflection of the red flames which had kindled on the banks of the river. I reached the grave : the newly turned up earth of its mound was close to another, where the green grass grew in all its rank luxuriance. I looked upon the plain white stone ; it was, as my heart foretold, graven with my mother's name, which had hitherto been concealed from me. I sat down ; tears of the most soothing gratitude fell over the graves ; I felt so thankful that they were united in death. It was happiness to me that earth had yet something to which I could attach myself ; only those who have wept over the precious sod which contains all they loved, all they worshipped, can know how dear are these lonely dwellings of the departed. I knelt, prayed, wept, and kissed the clay of each parent's grave by turns ; and only the red light of the morning warned me to depart. I went home and slept, and the fearful dream of my feverish slumber yet burns upon me. I was alone in a dark and wild desert ; the ground beneath was parched, yet the sky was black, and red streaks of light passed over it. I heard the hiss of serpents, the howl of savage beasts ; my lips were dry and hot ; my feet burned as they pressed the fiery sand ; and my heart beat even to agony ; when suddenly freshness and sweetness breathed around—there

came sounds of music and delightful voices; bright and beautiful forms gathered on the air; I found myself in a green and blessed place. Two came towards me—my father, my mother; they embraced me, and I awoke soothed, with their smile visible before me, their blessings yet breathing in my ears. The next day I embarked, and we set sail immediately; yet I had no time to contrast my own forlorn neglectedness with the lot of others; and bitterly did I feel the kind farewells, the blessings implored on my companions. I envied them even the sorrow of parting.

At length the sun set in the waters, and till the final close of the evening I lingered by the side of the vessel. It was a calm sky, not a shadow was on the face of heaven, not a breeze ruffled the sleeping waves, no sound nor motion broke the deep repose, but repose was at this moment irksome to my soul. Was I the only one disturbed and agitated? A cloud, a breath of wind, would have been luxury—they would have seemed to enter into my feelings, to take away my sense of utter loneliness. I left the deck, for there were hurried steps around, and my idleness weighed upon me like a reproach; I felt useless, insignificant; there were glad voices talking close by my side—there were tones of hope, exultation, sorrow, and affection—I could sympathise with none of them. I hastily threw open the window of the cabin, and saw the country I was leaving for ever, like a line in the air, and all but lost in the horizon. No one can say farewell with indifference; and there I leant gazing on the receding land anxiously, may even fondly, till darkness closed around, and I could no longer even fancy I saw it. Lost in that vague but painful reverie, when the mind, too agitated to dwell on any one subject, crowds past sorrows and future fears upon the overburdened present, time had passed unheeded, and the moon, now risen, made the coast visible again. It must be agony to the heart to say a long, and it may prove an eternal farewell, to all connected with us by every link of early association and affection of many years' standing; to the mother whose smile was the light of our childhood; to the father whose heart goes with us; to all who have shared in our joys and our griefs; this, indeed, must be an overflowing of the cup of affliction; but even this painful accumulation of feeling was preferable to mine of single and complete isolation. It is soothing to reflect, that we are dear to those we leave behind; that there are some who will treasure our memory in the long hours of absence, and look forward to our meeting again; for never does the moment of reunion rise so forcibly on the mind as at that of separation. These thoughts are like rain drops in the season of drought. But I looked on the land of my birth, and knew there was not one to call a blessing on her far away; not one to wish the wanderer's return; the cold earth lay heavily on the hearts that would have throbbed at my departing; the eyes that would have wept were sealed by death, in the home of darkness and forgetfulness, where joy and sorrow are alike.

The voyage appeared short, for I had nothing to anticipate, and the glories of the ocean suited my feelings. I have looked on the face of Nature with love and with wonder; but never have I had that intense communion with her beauties which I have had at

sea. At last the white cliffs of England came in sight; they were hailed with a shout of delight; it had no echo in my heart. But it was when we arrived in port that I more than ever felt how very lonely I was; the whole ship was bustle, confusion, and happiness; numbers were every moment crowding the deck—there was the affectionate welcome, the cordial embrace, words of tenderness, still tenderer tears; all was agitation, anxiety, and delight. There was one group in particular, a sailor whose little boy was so grown that he did not at first recognize him—the delight of the child, two inches taller with pleasure—the half affection, half pride, glowing in the fresh island complexion of the mother—every kindly pulse of the heart sympathised with them. I felt doubly an orphan as they left the deck. At this moment a young man addressed me, and announcing himself as the son of Mrs. Audley, the lady with whom I was henceforth to live, led me to the boat which waited at the side of the vessel; and a short journey brought us to Clifton and the cottage where Mrs. Audley resided. How vividly the thoughts and feelings which crowded that night about my pillow rise upon my memory! I think it is not saying too much of that natural instinct which attracts us to one person and repels us from another, when I call it infallible. There is truth and certainty in our first impressions; we are so much the creatures of habit, so much governed in our opinions by the opinions of others, we so rarely begin to think till our thoughts are already biased, that our intuitive perception of good and evil, and consequently of friend and foe is utterly neglected. If, in forming our attachments, instead of repeating what we have heard, we recalled our feelings when we first met, there would be fewer complaints than are now of disappointed expectations. First impressions are natural monitors, and nature is a true guide. My impressions were delightful—I slept contented and confiding; and my spirits next day were worthy of the lovely morning that aroused them.

Mrs. Audley's cottage, the landscape, and the sky, were altogether English: the white walls, the green blinds, the open-sash windows, the upper ones hung round with the thick jessamine that had grown up to the roof, the lower ones into which the rose-trees looked; the blinds half-way down, just showing the cluster of red roses and nothing more, though they completely admitted the air, loaded with the breath of the mignonette; while the eyes felt relieved by the green and beautiful, but dim light which they threw over the room. It was like enchantment to step from the cool and shadowy parlour into the garden with its thousand colours, the beds covered with annuals, those rainbows of the spring, the Guelders rose, the laburnums, mines of silver and gold; the fine green turf; but nothing struck me so much as, beneath the shade of an old beech tree, a bank entirely covered with violets. It may seem fanciful, but to me the violet is the very emblem of woman's love; it springs up in secret; it hides its perfume even when gathered; how timidly its deep blue leaves bend on their slight stem! The resemblance may be carried yet further—woman's love is but beautiful in its purity; let the hot breath of passion once sully it, and its beauty is departed—thus as the summer advances, the violet loses its fragrance; June comes, but its odours are

fled—the heart too has its June; the flower may remain, but its fragrance is gone for ever. Flowers are the interpreters of love in India, painting in the most vivid but in the softest colours speaking in the sweetest sighs: while each blossom that fades is a mournful remembrancer either of blighted hopes or departed pleasures. I would give my lover violets; the rose has too much display. "J'admire les roses, mais je m'attends sur les violettes." The rose is beauty—the violet tenderness. And the country round was so placidly delightful—I had been used to the sweeping shadow of gigantic trees, to oceans of verdure, to the wide and magnificent Ganges; but the landscape here came with a quiet and feeling of contentment on the heart. I remember so well the first time I ever walked on the Downs! The day had been very showery and the sky was just beginning to clear; the dark gloomy volumes in which the tempest was rolling away were but little removed from clouds of transparent whiteness, and between, like intervals of still enjoyment amid the hopes and fears of life, gleamed forth the deep calm blue of the horizon. Faintly coloured like a dream of bliss, a half formed rainbow hung on the departing storm, as fearful of yet giving promise of peace. Every thing around was in that state of tremulous repose, which succeeds a short and violent rain. The long shadows and double brilliancy of the light from the reflecting rain-drops, contrasted in the scenery, like sorrow and joy succeeding tears. Never could the banks of the Avon have been seen to a greater advantage. On one side of the river rose rocks totally bare, but of every colour and every form; on the other side, banks equally high were covered with trees in their thickest foliage; the one Nature's stupendous fortress, the other her magnificent pavilion of leaves. One or two uncovered masses appeared like the lingering foot-prints of desolation; but in general where the statelier trees had not taken root, the soil was luxuriantly covered with heath and the golden blossomed furze. On the left dew and sunshine seemed wholly to have fallen in vain: riven in every direction, the rocks had assumed a thousand different shapes, in which the eye might trace, or fancy it traced, every variety of ruin, spire, or turret,—the mouldering battlement, the falling tower. Here and there a solitary bramble had taken root, almost as bare and desolate as the spot where it grew. The contrast between the banks was like prosperity and adversity. I do think if ever any body was happy, I was, for the next two years. It is strange, though true, that the happiest part of our life is the shortest in detail. We dwell on the tempest that wrecked, the flood that overwhelmed—but we pass over in silence the numerous days we have spent in summer and sunshine.

Mrs. Audley was to me as a mother, and Edward and I loved each other with all the deep luxury of love in youth. It was luxury, for it was unconscious. Love is not happiness; hopes, pleasure, delicious and passionate moments of rapture—all these belong to love, but not to happiness. Its season of enjoyment is when its existence is unknown, when fear has not agitated, hope has not expanded the flower it but opens to fade, and jealousy and disappointment are alike unfeared, unfelt. The heart is animated by a secret music. Like the Arabian prince, who lived amid melody perfume, beauty, and flowers, till he rashly

penetrated the forbidden chamber, so, when the first sensations of love are analysed and his mystery displayed, his least troubled, his most alluring dream, is past for ever. Edward was strikingly handsome; the head finely shaped as that of a Grecian statue, with its profusion of thick curls; the complexion beautiful as a girl's, but which the darkly arched eyebrows, the manly open countenance, red emed from the charge of effeminacy; his eyes (the expression of "filled with light" was not a mere exaggeration when applied to them,) and then the perfect unconsciousness, or, I should rather say, the utter neglect of his own beauty. He was destined for a soldier and for India; and perhaps there is no career in life whose commencement affords such scope for enthusiasm. However false the fancies may be of cutting your way to fame and fortune, of laurels, honours, &c., still there is natural chivalry enough in the heart to make the young soldier indulge largely in their romance. At length the time of his departure came: Edward was too proud to weep when he bade adieu to his mother and me, his affianced bride; but the black curls on his fair forehead were wet with suppressed agitation, and when he threw himself on horseback at the garden gate, he galloped the animal at his utmost speed; but when he came to a little shadowy lane, apparently shut out from all, I saw from my window that his pace was slackened, and his head bowed down upon the neck of his steed. They say women are more constant than men: it is the constancy of circumstance; the enterprize, the exertion required of men continually force them out of themselves, and that which was at first necessity soon becomes habit—whereas the constant round of employments in which a woman is engaged requires no fatigue of mind or body; the needle is, generally speaking, both her occupation and amusement, and this kind of work leaves the ideas full play; hence the imagination is left at liberty to dwell upon one subject, and hence habit, which is an advantage on the one side, becomes to her an additional rivet.

For months after Edward's departure I was utterly miserable, listless, apathetic—nothing amused me: but I was at length roused from this state of sentimental indolence by a letter from him: he wrote in the highest spirits; his success had been beyond his utmost expectations; and soon, he said, he might hope and look forward to our joining him in India. I have a great dislike to letter-writing: the phrase "she is an excellent correspondent" is to me synonymous with "she is an excellent gossip." I have seen epistles crost and recrost, in which I knew not which most to pity—the industry or idleness of the writer. But every one has an exception to his own rule and so must I; and from this censure I except letters from those near and dear to us, and far away. A letter then, breathing of home and affection, is a treasure; it is like a memento from the dead, for absence is as death in all but that its resurrection is in this life. I felt a new spirit in existence; I lived for him, I hoped to rejoin him; I delighted to hear my own voice in the songs he was soon to hear; I read with double pleasure, that I might remember what he would like; but above all else painting became my favourite pursuit: every beautiful landscape, every delicate flower, every striking countenance which I drew, would, I thought, be so many proofs how I had remem-

bered him in absence. I almost regretted the fine cool airs of a summer evening, the low sweet song of the birds: I could make for him no memorials of them. Another letter came; and soon after we prepared for our embarkation, and a second time I crossed the ocean. The voyage which had seemed so short before, I now thought never-ending; every day the bright-shining sea and the blue sky seemed more monotonous; a thousand times did I compare our fate to that of the enchanted damsel, in one of Madame de Genlis' tales, who has been condemned by a most malignant fairy to walk straight forward over an unvarying tract of smooth green turf, bounded only by the clear azure of the heavens. But we reached India at last.

What is there that has not been said of the pleasure of meeting, yet who has ever said all that is felt—the flow of words and spirits, the occasional breaks of deep and passionate silence, the restlessness of utter happiness, the interest of the most trivial detail—and when on our pillow, the hurry of ideas, the delicious though agitated throbbing of the heart. To sleep is impossible, but how delightful to lie awake! But my first look at Edward, the next morning, made my pillow sleepless again, and sleepless from anxiety. The climate too surely had been slow poison to him; his bright and beautiful colour was gone; the wan veins of his finely turned and transparent temples had lost the clearness and the hue of health; and often his voice sank to an almost inaudible tone, as if speaking were too great an exertion. Still he himself laughed at our fears, and pressed the conclusion of our marriage. I wished it too, for I felt it was something to be his even in the grave. It was the evening before the day fixed for uniting us, when he proposed to visit a spot I had often sought alone—the grave of my parents. Once or twice during the walk I was startled by his excessive paleness, but again his smile and cheerfulness reassured me. We sat down together silently. I was too sad for words: a little branch of scented flowers in my hand was quite washed by my tears. A cloud was flitting over the moon, and for a short space it was entirely dark; suddenly the soft clear light came forth more lovely than before. I bade Edward mark how beautifully it seemed to sweep away the black cloud; he answered me not, but remained with his face bowed on his hands. I put mine into them—they were cold; I saw his countenance—it was convulsed in death.

Literary.

SPOILED CHILDREN.

By the Hermit in France.

Though every natural want of children ought to be instantly relieved, those of fancy and humour should never be indulged; toys should be given to them as early as they are able to divert themselves, and these be frequently changed—for variety is necessary to their amusement; but the humorous inclination which makes children reach after every thing they see, should never be complied with. *Lady Pennington.*

"I will not go without the child," said the Countess de M—to her husband, just as we were about to step into their carriage, which

was waiting to convey us to Montmorency; "as you like," replied the Count, his eyes beaming with satisfaction, for he was just as well pleased as his lady to have their darling of the party. "But," continued he, addressing himself indirectly to me, "I fear that the child may be troublesome to Monsieur." "Not in the least," answered I, from compulsion; for I well foresaw all the long list of miseries which we should have to endure from the troublesome behaviour of our young companion.

Alphonse, the child, now changed his mind three times as to what he was to wear; first he would go in regimentals, which made him look like a monkey at a show, then he would have a blue jacket, and must take his cart and horse with him; lastly (for it was hot weather) he would have a linen dress, but he insisted upon his gun's being strapped over his shoulders. These (to a stranger) very interesting arrangements kept us waiting a whole hour; and after we had proceeded about half a mile, Alphonse recollected that he had left his favourite poodle at home, and became so riotous and unruly, that it was agreed upon to return and take the dog into the carriage with us.

Our return produced a number of wants on the part of this spoiled child: first, he must play with the squirrel, which bit his fingers—and then the wound was to be dressed—and the tears which it occasioned were to be dried—and papa and mama, nay even I, were obliged to kiss his finger "to make it well,"—and the footman promised to shoot the squirrel, in order to appease the young Count's resentment; then he called for sugar and water, and for fruit and a cake, and it was deemed necessary to put some wine in the carriage, for Monsieur Alphonse; and the dog must have his dinner in obedience to the child's wish, and he was praised for his good heart on the occasion. We were just stepping into the barouche, when the little perverse creature must have a tune of the flute from his father; and he actually slapped the weak Count's face to enforce his orders. The flute was got, and we started again, but Alphonse fancied that an outside place was best, and must ascend the coach-box; soon after, he considered that it would be more amusing to sit upon one of the horses; this was complied with, but the Countess was so terrified, lest her dear boy should fall off, that I became almost deaf from her shrieks, and the horses were not allowed to proceed at the rate of more than one mile per hour. Alphonse complained of an uneasy seat, and now resumed the coach box; but as he must drive, his first essay was to flog the horses so unmercifully that they ran away, and we had a second edition of tears, fears, and screams. The horses were stopped, and young master must get into the carriage again. His amusement,

there was incessant eating and drinking, in which he mingled sweet-meats, milk, fruit, and wine. He played with his dog and his gun during the rest of his journey, and was so locomotive at his exercise, that the bridges of our noses were often in contact with his musket, and he ran his ramrod into his mother's eye; and such was the indulgence of both parents, that he was not even reprov'd once, nor contradicted in any of his whims and fancies.

When we alighted to dine, Alphonse insisted upon sitting on my knee, and hugged me so closely round the neck, that I was half strangled; this was not the worst, for becoming tired of the pressure of the rag round his finger, he tore it off, and spotted my cravat with blood. A third fit of crying next ensued, and the wound was to be kissed and bound up again. At dinner, each dish upon the table was fancied, tasted, and pulled about by the darling child, and the wine was spilt on the floor, and the poodle was introduced on the table, whereby two tumblers were broken. In our ramble after dinner, we were annoyed by Alphonse's riding alternately on his father's and on my back, and by his breaking my walking-stick, on which he set astride, by his playing at foot-ball with the peaches which he took from the dessert, and by the constant barking of the dog provoked to play by the child. All this his parents admired vastly; nay, when they had to complain, it was in such a tone as did not discourage their favourite, who completely tyrannised over their affection.

Night came on at last, and we returned loaded with flowers and divers objects fancied by Alphonse, who gave us a short relief by lying across his mother's and my knees, and by sleeping out the remainder of the journey. The only inconvenience I felt on this occasion was being almost stifled with heat, for fear that of a breath of air should endanger the sleeping beauty, by his taking cold. The conversation, (all in a whisper, lest he should be awakened) ran on the child's beauty, and their excessive love for him. I never felt more relieved in my life than when I was at liberty to withdraw from the family party.

Parental affection I consider as a virtue of the highest stamp, but it does not consist in a ridiculous indulgence, nor in a foolish submission to a being scarcely endowed with a dawn of reason. The compliance with the will of children in all their perverse and uncertain caprices is nothing short of an irreparable injury done them; it confirms them in early years in vicious and unconquerable habits, and renders them unfit for society in after-life; nay, it prepares additional disappointments and sufferings for them in their journey through a world of vicissitudes. To do the French justice, they are tender parents to their offspring in their infant state, and as

long as they are like play-things to them, and they love them, they toy with them, they are proud of them: in riper years, they are to them as parents are in general, but certainly in the earliest stages of their lives, their care is excessive, their love is nearly idolatry. In France you see almost infants brought into public places, at plays, dances, fire-works, and the like; pleasurable, noisy, and troublesome, sometimes the young hope of a family is habited as a hussar with a tin sabre rattling at his side, and tripping up himself or his neighbour a dozen times a day: sometimes you will see mademoiselle a miniature coquette, with hair of an astonishing length and quantity, curled, ungmented and ornamented like a woman, dressed in the most expensive and fashionable way, and thus taught the pernicious lesson of attracting admiration at the tenderest age, used to adulation, and accustomed to control.

It is true that in the very highest circles, more simplicity of dress is fashionable, and the children are clad *a l' Anglaise*; but the major part are over dressed, over indulged, and thus are completely spoiled. Under these circumstances, those who shine in society, those who acquire knowledge or advancement laboriously, have the more merit, inasmuch as the fear of contradicting them is a great impediment to a study of every kind, and the complying with all their silly inclinations is calculated to prevent their possessing a mild and complaisant disposition. In England there is a greater difference betwixt the parent and the child, and the lesson of respect is taught them early. In France all is familiarity during childhood, so that a change at a more advanced age would be as unlooked for as painful.

The spoiling of children has many faults and inconveniences, amongst which the making them troublesome to others is certainly not the least. The parent sees with a father's or with a mother's eye; the stranger views the subject otherwise, and only regards the irksomeness or impertinence of a spoiled child; possession enhances property, but the child that does not belong to a man cannot produce on him sufficient partiality to render pardonable or endurable all the changes rung on folly's bells—the violence of temper, the longings for every thing, the intemperate cravings of appetite, the romping, clamouring, and other tricks of untaught and uncontrolled children. Time and place too make a great difference, but over indulgent parents often introduce their children at table, at the drawing-room, and at the theatre, when they ought to be in their nursery or in their beds.

I love children very much myself, but I deem their innocence, their artless kindness, their respect for parents, and their good behaviour amongst their highest claims, on my

regard. In their helpless years they must arrest the tenderness and affection of every good man, but when they arrive at the tyranny of commanding every thing, they not only cease to please, but require correction. With a legions of papas and mamas against me, enamoured of their pigmy sons and heirs, or cultivating vanity in their daughters springing prematurely into life, and too early aware of their beauty, I shall always persevere in the opinion, that early habits of retiring virtue and of mental improvement are more beneficial than all the introductions and bringings out of children.

CONFESSIONS OF A FRENCHWOMAN.

Born and bred in Paris, I became in my earliest youth the toast of my native city. Heartily tired of the praises of my beauty, repeated every day in verse and prose, in songs and poems, in companies and periodical publications, and calculating upon new fame and fresh admirers, I set out on my travels, and quitted Paris and France. In Spain, in England, in Germany, in Italy,—in short wherever I went, I was disappointed in my expectations, and my pride was humbled. In every country I found a different standard of beauty. I resolved to leave this quarter of the globe, and journeyed to Asia. Here I fared still worse. I shall say nothing of Turkey, Persia, or Circassia, because on comparing myself with the beauties of those countries, I could not help feeling my inferiority. But when I reached China, I thought the people there would never have done laughing at my large eyes, my aquiline nose, my small ears, my apology for a mouth, my immense feet, and my shoes, in each of which there was room enough for four Chinese feet. From China I proceeded to the Marian Islands. Here the natives laughed just as heartily at my teeth and my hair; for among them the height of beauty consists in black teeth and long white hair.

In Arabia I made no conquests, for I did not understand the art of colouring my eyebrows a coal-black, and of enlarging the eye considerably towards the temple by a stripe of the same colour; in short, I had not the excessively large, black prominent eye, or the chalk-white complexion of the beauties of the East. As the natives of the Alps had wondered to see me without a goitre, so were the Hottentots astonished that I had not a flat nose, a body as big and as round as a barrel, and intestines of animals twisted by way of ornament about my arms and legs. In America, in the southern province of Cumana, they found fault with me because my cheeks were not hollow, nor my face long and narrow. In North America I witnessed a quarrel between a negress and a white woman on the subject of beauty. Both claimed the prize. "Only look," said the former, "at my black shining

skin, my thick coral lips, my white eyes, my woolly hair; how can your pale diseased look, your sickly blue eye, your little pursed up mouth, your lank hair, hanging as if it had just come out of the water, compare with these?" The white woman was about to reply, but I took her aside, and taught her by my own experience and example, that we must not look for a general standard of beauty.

Predictions.—There are two extraordinary instances of predictions being fulfilled, where no supernatural means can possibly be supposed.

The first is mentioned by the learned Bishop of Worcester, in the Preface to his Sermons on Prophecy. It is part of a chorus in the Medea of Seneca:—

Venient annis
Secula, seris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet et ingens
Patent tellus, Tiphysque novos
Detegat orbis.

This is obviously fulfilled by the invention of the compass, and the discovery of America.

The other is in the first book of Dante's *Purgatorio*.

J' mi volsi a man' destro, e posi mente
All' altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle
Non viste mai fuor ch' alla prima gente.

Now this is an exact description of the appearance of the four stars near the south pole; and yet Dante is known to have written before the discovery of the southern hemisphere.

Poetry.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF A CHILD AT SEA.

My boy refused his food, forgot to play,
And sickened on the waters day by day;
He smiled more seldom on his mother's smile,
He prattled less, in accents void of guile,
Of that wild land, beyond the golden wave,
Where I, not he, was doomed to be a slave;
Cold o'er his limbs the listless languor grew;
Paleness came o'er his eye of placid blue;
Pale mourn'd the lily where the rose had died,
And timid, trembling, came he to my side.
He was my all on earth. Oh, who can speak
The anxious mother's too prophetic woe,
Who sees death feeding on her dear child's cheek,
And strives in vain to think it is not so!
Ah! many a sad and sleepless night I passed,
O'er his couch, listening in the pausing blast,
While on his brow, more sad from hour to hour,
Drooped wan dejection, like a fading flower:
At length my boy seemed better, and I slept—
Oh, soundly! but methought, my mother wept
O'er her poor Emma: and in accent low,
Said, "Ah! why do I weep—and weep in vain
For one so loved, so lost? Emma, thy pain
Draws to a close! even now is rent in twain
The loveliest link that binds thy breast to woe,
Soon, broken heart, we soon shall meet again!"
Then o'er my face her freezing hand she crossed,
And bending kissed me with her lip of frost.
I waked, and at my side—oh! still and cold!
O, what a tale that dreadful chillness told!
Shrieking, I started up, in terror wild;
Alas! and had I lived to dread my child!

Eager I snatched him from his swinging bed:
His limbs were stiff—he moved not—he was dead:
Oh, let me weep! what mother would not weep,
To see her child committed to the deep?
No mournful flowers, by weeping friendship laid,
Nor pink, nor rose drooped on his breast display'd,
Nor half-blown daisy in his little hand:—
Wide was the field around but 'twas not land.
Enamoured death with sweetly pensive grace,
Was awful beauty to his silent face.
No more his sad eye looked me into tears!
Closed was that eye beneath his pale cold brow:
And on his calm lips which had lost their glow,
But which, though pale, seemed half unclosed to speak,
Loitered a smile, like moonlight on the snow.
I gazed upon him still—not wild with fears—
Gone were my fears, and present was despair!
But as I gazed, a little lock of hair
Stirred by the breeze, played trembling on his cheek;

Oh, God! my heart! I thought life still was there
But, to commit him to the watery grave,
O'er which the winds, unwearied mourners, rave—
One, who strove darkly sorrow's sob to stay,
Upraised the body: thence I bade him stay,
For still my wordless woe had much to say,
And still I bent and gazed, and gazing wept.
At last my sisters, with humane constraint,
Held me, and I was calm as dying saint:
While that stern weeper lowered into the sea,
My ill-starred boy! deep, buried deep, he slept:
And then I looked to heaven in agony,
And prayed to end my pilgrimage of pain,
That I might meet my beauteous boy again!
Oh, had he lived to reach this wretched land,
And then expired, I would have blessed the strand:
But where my poor boy lies I may not lie:
I cannot come, with broken heart to sigh
O'er his lov'd dust, and strew with flowers his turf;
His pillow hath no cover but the surf;
I may not pour the soul drop from mine eye
Near his cold bed: he slumbers in the wave!
Oh, I will love the sea because it is his grave!

LINES WRITTEN UNDER AN ENGRAVING OF

MILTON.

He, tho' he dwelt in seeming night,
Scattered imperishable light
Around, and to the regions of the day
Sent his winged thoughts away.
And bade them search the ways on high
For the bright flame of Poetry.
—'Tis to adventurous spirits given
Alone, who dare themselves obey,
And look at the face of the inmost heaven.

He saw the burning fire that keeps,
In the unfathomable deeps,
Its powers forever, and made a sign
To the Morning Prince divine,
Who came across the sulphurous flood
Obedient to that master call,
And, in Angel beauty, stood
Proud on his star-lit pedestal.

Then the mighty lunner drew,
And tinted with a skiey hue,
The king of all the damned: the same
Who headlong from the Empyrean came,
Blasted, and millions fell with him.

He saw the dreary regions where
Eternal chaos sate, and there
Learnt secrets of the whispering gloom,
And faced the father of the tomb,
Orcus: and many an awful thing
That comes in wild dreams hovering.

Tumult, and Chance, and Discord, Fame,
And heard and saw the "dreaded name
Of Demogorgon," and his soul
Felt the shadowy darkness roll
From night's throne, and then he told
To man those signs and wonders old.

PROCTOR.

Written in an Album, at the Inn on the Banks of Loch
Achray, near the Trossachs.

A light cloud coronals E. uledi's brow;
Still up the deep ascent he mine to strain,
Nor deem the toil as idle. Oh! how slow
The sluggish hour rolls on:—but see! again
Peering all beauteous 'bove the vapoury train,
Thy giant form is seen the hills among,
Child of the mountain mist! And now I gain
Thy towery height, and muse upon the throng
Of countless charms around, and wake the soul to
song.

SONG.

Oh! where is the harp of the minstrel? why slumbers
His silver-toned string 'mid so fairly a scene?
Rouse, lyre of Loch Katrine!—still sweet are thy num-
bers,

Still clear are her waters, her mountains still green:
Yet, if in thine absence a stranger endeavour—
A stranger and southern—one faint lay to frame,
Oh! smile not in haughty derision, however
Unvalued his verse, unacknowledged his name.
But list!—'Tis the deep warning voice of the moun-
tain.

"Cease, child of presumption! While living be-
hard—
While linked his loved name with each islet and
fountain,

"Will the song of a sassenach minstrel be heard?"
Tis well:—I obey thee. Yet grant, gentle spirit—
Whatever, whoever, wherever thou art—
"Oh! grant that e'en I one sweet smile may inherit,
And meeting in friend-ship, in friendship depart

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

By Mrs. Hemans.

Why do I weep?—to leave the vine,
Whose clusters o'er me bend,
The myrtle—yet, O, call it mine!
The flowers I love to tend:
—A thousand thoughts of all things dear,
Like shadows o'er me sweep,
I leave my sunny childhood here,
—Oh, therefore, let me weep!
I leave thee, sister!—we have play'd
Through many a joyous hour,
Where the silvery green of the olive shade
Hung dim o'er the fount and the bower:
Yes, thou and I, by stream, by shore,
In song, in prayer, in sleep,
Have been as we may be no more—
Sweet sister, let me weep!
I leave thee, father!—Eve's bright moon
Must now light other feet.
With the gather'd grapes and the lyre in tune,
Thy homeward steps to greet!
Thou in whose voice, to bless thy child,
Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smil'd
I leave thee! let me weep!
Mother! I leave thee!—on thy breast
Pouring out joy and woe,
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changeless—yet I go!
Lips that have hild me with your strain,
Eyes that have watch'd my sleep!
Will earth give love like yours again?
—Kind mother! let me weep!

GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, JULY 1, 1826.

Advertisements.—We have at length made our arrangements for the admission of ADVERTISEMENTS, in conformity with our original plan. The extensive circulation of our Paper, both in the city and country, is an ample inducement to the advertising class of society.

Dramatic.—MR. EDITOR; it is not often that you denounce, but when you do, it is done with a vengeance. Suffer me to enquire whether in a recent instance you have not been unjust in your severity. I allude to an article which appeared in your paper of the 17th, on the present situation of the drama. If I construe its language correctly, you do not allow any merit to the regular performers at the Park Theatre, but sweep them off, pell mell, in indiscriminate condemnation. Now, Mr. Editor, I ask you frankly, if there be not more than one, two or three exceptions—exceptions that you yourself have heretofore made. Do you recollect how often you have alluded with delight to Hilson's inimitable Billy Lackaday? If my memory does not fail me, you have publicly pronounced it to be the perfection of good acting. Did you forget Placide, whom you have so often praised, and who merits, richly merits your praises? Did you forget Barnes, whose humour has made you laugh a thousand times to my certain knowledge? Did you forget the animated and intelligent Mrs. Hilson, whom you have always mentioned in terms of strong and unqualified commendation? Have you changed your opinion of all these performers at once, or are they still, as you have heretofore always said of them, admirable and excellent in their respective lines of acting, and if so, is your denunciation *en masse* just or unjust? I like sharp shooting, but I like to see discrimination in the aim of the marksman. V.

Answer. Upon a review of the article in question, we are compelled to admit in candour that our correspondent has us on the hip, and what is worse, (we will own with it) from our own carelessness in conveying our ideas. We had the dark side of the picture before our eyes at the time, and forgot to say any thing about the bright side. Thus much by way of the *amende honorable* to the really good actors that were unintentionally included in our anathema; and now as to what we *did* mean, although we did not happen to convey our meaning with sufficient clearness, probably from writing on one subject while we were thinking of another, which, with all due self respect be it spoken, we are apt to do occasionally. We meant that the Park Theatre needed reformation, great reformation, in its tragic performers chiefly, and in the mass of its actors generally.

This we meant to convey, and this we now mean, and this we now repeat decidedly and positively. Let a man of taste and sense look at a cast of its characters in a tragedy, and say if he can, that this opinion is incorrect. And let him look at many of the under-performers in a comedy, and say if it is possible to rake and scrape together more naminate and inelegant beings. We will bet our head against a money-lender's heart, we will bet No. 4, Wall-street, against all the other numbers of Wall-street put together, that our correspondent "V." if he has been at the theatre as often as ourselves, has been as often disgusted at the miserable attempt to be witty in those whom nature never blessed [or cursed?] with wit; at the awkward imitations of grace in those from whom grace is as far removed as Apollo is from an orang-outang; at the attempts upon passion in those who never knew how to be passionate; and at the apeing of dignity and elegance in those who have the dignity of a flea and the elegance of a whale. This was what we meant; our theatre needs reformation and change, and this we will say, like it or dislike it who list; and for this reason we are glad that a rival has at last sprung up, for rivalry will do that which might have been done without rivalry, if our editors could have mustered independence enough during the past five years to speak plainly and fearlessly on this subject. We make no pretensions to any extra portion of that same rare quality, that "nigro similima cygno," yeapt independence but when we talk to the public on subjects concerning the public, we shall come up to the mark and speak plainly.

Our correspondent is right in reminding us that we have always expressed our approbation of the performers he enumerates, and to the list he might have added Clarke, a judicious, industrious and intelligent actor, and Mrs. Wheatly, who is unrivalled in her own line of characters. We have not time to pursue the examination of the various merits and demerits of the *corps* respectively, nor is it necessary. It is enough to say that great reformation is necessary, and by saying this in general terms we spare some individual feelings. In conclusion, our correspondent's remarks are met in the same frank spirit with which they are offered, and to such animadversions, not only upon others but also upon ourselves, our columns shall ever be open. He has misapprehended our meaning, but we frankly acknowledge that it has arisen from the carelessness and haste with which the article was penned. We have thus corrected the error.

The Jubilee.—As every Editor is giving his advice respecting the coming Fourth of July, we will give ours. Let our Corporation invite the late Congress to a sumptuous feast, let them regale them with the flesh and the wine

of the land, and with all that the senses can enjoy. Let them invite to an adjoining room the gray-headed heroes of '76; let their banquet board be graced with stale bread and water—no luxuries; for these were not men of luxury;—let the doors be thrown open, and let the question be put in a voice of thunder, "Where is republican gratitude; where is republican honesty?"

Post-Offices.—Those of our country subscribers who still submit to the illegal and shameful extortion of treble postage for our paper, must blame themselves. If they will but take the trouble to prosecute the postmasters who are guilty of this imposition, they can recover triple damages. Some of our spirited Southern subscribers have made short work of this, and the consequence is, that on the Southern route, our paper is charged no more than ordinary postage. Will not our Northern and Eastern subscribers follow this good example?

Biography.—We shall publish next week a short biography of the painter, J. L. Krimmel, deceased.

The "Counter-Check Quarrelsome."

"Bring us no more reports." Macbeth.

Once for all we will take the trouble of administering a *quietus* to certain busy reports which some of our dearly beloved friends have, to our certain knowledge, circulated far and wide, that we were about to discontinue "The New-York Literary Gazette," and bury it with the honours of war. We have seen a little too much of the world to take the trouble of tracing these reports to their creators; it would be a waste of time, which, we trust, we are employing to better advantage, and besides, they would swear it was a mistake, if they were brought to the question. To the infinite gratification of the whole gang of our enemies, we therefore make known the fact, that they *cannot break down this paper*, let them do, as they have done, their worst! Let the big dogs growl and the little dogs yelp, and let them bite too, their bite does not produce hydrophobia.

We repeat it, "The New-York Literary Gazette" *cannot be broken down*; it has fought its way through perils and difficulties, against false and designing friendship, and against loud and foaming enmity, and what is of more importance, it is able to do so still. Whenever it dies, it will be put to death by the Editor himself, who being a very charitable sort of a person, means to let it live to a good old age, unless he should change his mind, which is not very probable. Let our enemies content themselves with this; they will never be indicted for the murder of the "Gazette and Athenæum."

THE CEDARS.

—“I should hardly care to have an old post up, that I remembered ever since I was a child.—*Pope.*”

Every one I think must have felt at some time the truth of this simple and honest remark of Pope; we become almost insensibly attached to any particular objects whether they are pleasant or otherwise in their appearance, which we have been long accustomed to meet with in our daily walks, more particularly in the early part of life, and we cannot part from them or have them taken from us without feelings of regret; they become as it were entwined with our own existence, and no one can take a final leave of any situation which he has long occupied without regret, even if the place has never been agreeable to him. It is this breaking up of old ties and associations which so often brings sadness to our hearts in the scenes of life, and with what regret do we leave the haunts of our youth, to engage in the bustle of the world; and when impelled by necessity to leave our native land, how does the straining eye gaze on the shore that is fast lessening to the view, and how does the heart sink when that land fades and mingles with the mists of the horizon. But even when of our own accord we leave scenes which we have long been accustomed to, with what difficulty we tear ourselves away, with what heart clinging reluctance does the bride leave her father's house, and the rooms in which she has dwelt even when she goes to the protection of a beloved husband; the ties of long habit never can be snapped asunder without a pang of regret. I was led to these thoughts by a walk which I lately took along the East River to the upper part of our city, while observing what rapid alterations had taken place in its appearance, the extensive marsh which was scarcely a year ago impassable, has become solid ground, streets are regulated, and houses building in every direction; and the busy hum of human industry is heard, where late the birds were the only living things that tenanted the untrodden sedge: even the formerly secluded and beautiful scenery surrounding Bellevue is rapidly changing its character, and in a little while longer not a trace of it will be left, while I feel pleased with the advancing growth of my native city, and with the improvements that are constantly taking place, there is yet sorrow mingled with my joy. I rejoice for her welfare, but I regret that the haunts of my boyish days must be destroyed. How many recollections of youthful enjoyment are associated with those scenes, which were familiarly known among us by the name of the cedars, when the cares and perplexities of life were things with which I held no communion; how many hours of innocent pleasure have I spent beneath the shelter of those trees; how often have I, with my fellows burst from the confinement of the school-room

and with light hearts, taken our way to that favourite retreat? With what impatience we waited for some long promised holiday; how we counted the intervening days and hours, as they passed; what calculations we made, and what pence we collected, and hoarded up? And then, when the time at last arrived, how have we spent the long summer day amid its verdant solitude, blithe as the birds that were carolling over our heads; what battles were fought; what feats of valour were displayed by the contending parties, as with handkerchiefs waving over our heads for banners, and with wooden swords we rushed into the mimic fight; and what shouts of rejoicing rose from the victorious party, who gained the field. Then again followed the cordial mingling together of friend and foe, and away all scampered to engage in some new sport, or to pelt the frogs with stones as they looked at us from the marsh; how we wandered idly along the sides of the brook that ran its winding course to the river, or angled for the little fish who simple as they were, were far too cunning ever to let us catch many of them: but, then, when any boy more fortunate than the rest brought one safe on shore, what exultation was there at the deed, and what shouting spread from one to another of the great luck; and then, when the sun reached its noonday height and the cravings of youthful appetite, rendered still keener by exercise, began to require to be satisfied, how we seated ourselves beneath the shade and each contributed his share of pence to the general stock, to procure provision. I remember well there was an old woman who lived in a small house by the roadside in the neighbourhood, who kept cakes and gingerbread for sale, and it was our usual custom to lay out the money to the best advantage, always giving our commissioners a particular charge not to eat up any of the cakes on the way; which injunction, however, was sometimes sadly neglected: how impatiently we awaited their return and when they came with what a keen relish we eat the cakes, and drank the water from the spring under the chestnut tree, talking and laughing in all the unrestrained feelings of youthful happiness; and then when the lengthened shadows of the trees warned us home, with what reluctance we left our retreats, and promised each other to return again soon, and have such another day of sport and merriment. Years have rolled away and these scenes are sadly changed. There are, however, some of the trees yet standing.

And not blighted leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams.

The whole aspect of the scenery is changed, but memory can yet trace the path through all its windings from the large chestnut tree, and the spring that bubbled at its root on to the brook with its stepping stones, and across

them through the dark overshadowing weeds, and from thence down to the river side, where we would sometimes sit for hours under the shade of the oak trees, upon the huge rocks that skirted the water's edge, gazing on the varied scenery of the Long Island shore, or watching the vessels as they flitted past on the river: but its beauties are gone, the spirit of improvement is on her march; she has sullied the pure waters of the spring, and rooted up the verdant turf, and reared her gallows amid the branches of the green wood. V. G.



In consequence of the indisposition of our correspondent X. “*Desultory Thoughts and Sketches*, No. VI. viz. *The Married Man*,” is unavoidably postponed. Next week it will appear, “*whether or no.*”



THE BLACK LIST.

After mature deliberation we have made up our mind to publish the names of those persons who refuse to pay for our paper after the period of payment is past, of those who run away, or to speak more politely, *change their residence*, and leave the proprietor in the vocative case and the *optative* mood, and of those who practice imposition upon us, and think to escape because they may be 100 or 200 miles distant from this goodly city. No class of men is subject to greater and more varied imposition than the editorial fraternity. We do not choose to submit to it, and we shall resolutely expose every instance that may occur. We will cut down our subscription list till it becomes the very ghost of a non-entity, ere we will permit people to take our paper and evade payment when payment is due, without any apology or any explanation. So much for our determination, from which neither threats of libel suits, nor pugilistic visitations, nor back-biting, nor unpopularity, and “all that sort of thing,” nor detraction, nor hatred, nor any thing else in the world shall cause us to swerve. And now let our *bad* subscribers look out for breakers. Here we begin:

GEORGE THOMAS, St. Lawrence co. has not paid.

Miscellaneous.

LEGAL LYRICS.

(From Baldwin's Magazine.)

Numerisque fertur
Lige solutis.

Horace, O. 2, lib. iv.

MR. EDITOR,—One of our modern philosophers has asserted that poetry pervades the whole system of nature, and that every inhabitant of the earth (I know not whether the observation extends to the other planets) is born a poet. I am perfectly satisfied with his reasoning and his proofs; (as who can be oth-

erwise ?) although I am aware that the expression which we were formerly accustomed to quote as the result of philosophical speculation, "*poeta nascitur, non fit*," now becomes a mere truism. But I do not consider this nearly so material as the universal ignorance that exists among the bulk of mankind, of the powers with which they are endowed,—powers, the exercise of which would add so much to the happiness and enjoyment of themselves and their fellow poets (I was going to say—*creatures*—but which are suffered to sleep, and lie useless in decay. It is true, that notwithstanding this ignorance, almost all classes of society are daily giving involuntary proofs of their poetical capabilities. In travellers, and dealers in general, we invariably perceive the developement of the *fiction* of poetry: in the daily—and indeed nightly—cries of London, we hear its *music*;—in the trades of shoemakers and hosiers, we find its *measurement of feet*;—in the accidents of children, and in the performance of pantomimic actors, we may recognize its *causence*.

With a dying, dying fall,

and even in the mis-called vulgarity of swearers, we discover the germs of *sublime invocation*.

The class of society which seems to be most unaware of its poetical temperament, is the profession of the law. Although their study has been charged by some with a very intimate connection with one of the principal constituents of poetry—*fiction*; it is apparently of that dry and systematic kind, that few have recognized its relationship to poetry itself. It would, indeed, be difficult to appropriate it to any particular class of poetry. It cannot be called strictly *didactic*, for where shall we find its morality?—nor *descriptive*, for who can understand it?—nor *humorous*, at least suitors deny that,—nor *pathetic*, unless we look at its consequences. It has a touch perhaps of the *pastoral*, in settlement cases; and of the *dramatic* in the uncertainty of its issues. Its *dullness* it is said, has nothing analogous to poetic genius, whatever it may have to some of its *professors*.

I, Mr. Editor, have the honour to belong to this profession, which I have long considered as scandalized by these depreciating insinuations; and, in order to prove their falsity, and to redeem the poetical character of my brethren, I have lately resolved to reduce all its technicalities into metre, and at all events to hold my legal correspondence in measured lines. If possible, I intend to introduce the practice of charging by stanzas, instead of by folio, being convinced, with the Newcastle Apothecary, who seems to have adopted the same means to obviate a similar objection—that as my clients *must* have the requisite quantity, which they too often consider to be without reason,

It is but fair to add a little rhyme.

As it must be allowed to be of great importance to teach mankind *themselves*, and to point out to them the talents, the instincts, and, I say, the properties, they possess,—I conceive Sir, that in thus endeavouring to sweeten the bitterness of law, to smooth down its excrescences, and to render more musical its expressions,—in short, to show that there is poetry in its practice,—I have deserved the thanks of my countrymen, and of my professional gentleman in particular; for I have thus not only made the study of it more palatable to our pupils, but its practice also more attractive to our clients.

The following is a slight specimen of my new mode, in a letter which I lately sent to an opposing brother, with whom, however I am on familiar terms, giving him notice of my intention to file a *demurrer* to some of his proceedings. I generally adapt my letters to some favourite tune, and the last which happened to be in my head was that to which Moore has written the beautiful words, beginning with "*Oh think not that my spirits are always as light*."

Air—"John O'Reilly the Active."

Oh! think not your pleadings are really so sly,

And as free from a flaw as they seem to you now;

For, believe, a demurrer will certainly lie,—

The return of to-morrow will quickly show how:

No, law is a waste of impertinent reading,

Which seldom produces but quibbles and broils;

And the lawyer who thinks he's the nicest in pleading,

Is likeliest far to be caught in its toils.

But brother attorney! how happy are we!

May we never meet worse in our practice of law,

Than the flaw a demurrer can gild with a fee,

And the fee that a conscience can earn from a flaw!

Yet our doors would not often be dark, on my soul!

If Equity did not to Law lend its aid:

And I care not how soon I am struck off the roll,

When I for these blessings shall cease to be paid!

But they who have fought for the weakest or strongest,

Too often have wept o'er the credit they gave;

Even he, who has slumbered in Chancery longest,

Is happy if always his costs he can save.

But my brother in law! while a quarrelling germ

In a man or in woman, this prayer shall be ours,

That actions-at-law may employ ev'ry term,

And equity-suits cheer vacation hours!

— JUSTICE OF PEACE COURT, EDINBURGH.

The Fine Arts in Scotland.—A case of rather a novel kind was tried some time ago before this Court. The facts were these:—A person residing in the village of Muttonhole, being a dealer in milk, wished to indicate the nature of his calling by a symbol of his profession over his door. This sign he determined should represent a cow and a calf. Being an agriculturist, and not a painter, he was himself but slightly acquainted with the divine art; so he applied to an itinerant Salvator, whom he understood to be well versed in all its mysteries. He of the brush and pallet produced a work which he declared was equalled only by some of the cattle pieces of Cuypp. The agriculturist, however, could not altogether coincide with this opinion: he allowed

that the picture was a masterpiece, but he maintained that the cow was not the least like the quadruped commonly known by that name and that the calf was merely something standing upon four legs—*monstrum horrendum*. He refused therefore to pay the itinerant the price he demanded, or indeed any price at all. A thousand beautiful lights and shades instantly flitted across the face of the insulted artist, and without a day's delay, being satisfied there was more—far more, than a *probabilis causa litigandi*, he brought his action before their Honours the Justices.

The court, having heard both parties, ordered a proof, and the order was very summarily complied with. At their next sitting the Agriculturist from Muttonhole made his appearance, with his sign on his back, for, like *Otello*, he was resolved that the Judges should have the best of proofs—the ocular proof. The painting was raised up at the bar, to the full view of the bench, and an awful pause ensued. The presiding Justices successively and carefully examined it, and at length proceeded to give judgment. They unanimously agreed that the cow bore a distant resemblance to a horse, and that the calf had some remote similarity to an ass; but as the first of these animals has been seldom known to produce milk, and as the latter has been clearly shown by Linnaeus to belong to quite a different species from that with which the calf is usually connected, their Honours the Justices declared their inability to determine what animals they were, but being certain they did not resemble the animals ordered to be painted, assoltized the defender, and advised the artist to study nature a little more accurately in his future pictures.

WIVES.

As Clarinda and Amelia were one day comparing, between themselves, the comforts they enjoyed, and the disagreements which had happened to them in the married state; the first exclaimed outrageously against her husband, for spending so much of his time abroad, leaving her at home, to pass the dull hours away by herself, amidst the noise of children and unruly servants; she could by no means brook the custom of retiring after meals, to leave the gentlemen merry over a bottle, while she must set moping in a closet, or be continually plagued with the troublesome affairs of the family; she was for her part, determined either to prevent her husband from keeping so much company, and enjoying his pleasure apart, or she should be obliged to find some means of agreeably diverting herself, whether it pleased him or not. She owned, he always treated her with great civility, and never refused her any thing she asked for; on the contrary, he was always making little presents, with many expressions of ten-

derness, which made her so doatingly fond of his company, that she could no longer bear being robbed of it at any rate; wherefore she now resolved to affront every body, that came to deprive her of that satisfaction; and would not suffer her house to be any more pestered with a parcel of idle drunken fellows, who regarded nothing but their dogs and their horses, being wholly strangers to polite conversation, or such other other entertainments, as women of virtue and good sense could share in.

Amelia was of a softer mould, and said that although no woman could have had less of a husband's company, than she, during the first twelve months of their marriage, because business not only carried him daily abroad, but his agreeable wit, and good humour, made him a constant prey to all the best company in town—yet she thanked her stars, she had found means to affect the natural generosity of his temper, by seeming blind to his little failings, and cheerfully complaisant to all his desires; that they now lived in the most perfect harmony, and were scarce one moment asunder, but when business absolutely required his attendance; for if he had not the opportunity of bringing agreeable company home to entertain, he was sure to carry her abroad, and to contrive some pleasing variety in every scene of diversion or amusement, that preserved a flow of spirits, and enabled her, with great ease, to support the fatigue of her household affairs, which were always kept in the neatest order imaginable, chiefly because it pleased his eye, and afforded him continual occasion to express his satisfaction with her conduct, by a thousand little tender obliging compliments, that easily and naturally flow from the sincerity of a faithful friend, and the heart of a fond lover. Amelia at the same time acknowledged, that, after twelve months anxiety and pain in her own mind, she had been irresistibly led into this conduct, from observing, on some occasions with what gentle humanity and discretion, he ever avoided to take notice of much less aggravated, any little irregularity of her passions, and other failings, choosing always, at such times, by the most endearing expressions, to convince her, that she was every way perfectly agreeable to him, and sole mistress of his esteem; so that, unless a woman, in plain contradiction to the consciousness of her own mind, and the nature of things, can be so excessively vain and silly, as really to believe, she possesses all perfection, without any blemish or fault, whatever, it will be impossible for her to resist making the same compliances, and acting the same part, which Amelia did, and on which she most justly values herself, to one of the best of men, and perhaps, the most deserving of husbands.

FASHIONABLE FEMALE AMUSEMENTS.

Employment is not the mode of the times. In all polite countries, those of rank and fashion, as well as those in decent circumstances, have an extraordinary portion of time upon their hands, with an almost irresistible inclination to pleasure in whatever form it offers itself, are more often to be met with at the shrine of amusement than of Industry; and hence it has been commonly observed, that wherever there is a show, an entertainment, or a crowd the women are the most numerous; but theatrical entertainments, balls, assemblies, &c. seem to be the scenes of their peculiar delight; because, at these, they can indulge their natural propensity to parade and ostentation. Besides these, and many others too tedious to mention, the women of fashion spend great part of their time in receiving and returning visits; and in some places, modern visiting is not spending a social hour together; it consists only in her ladyship ordering the coachman to drive to the doors of so many of her acquaintances, and her footman at each of them, to give in a card with her name; while the lady of the house, though in the polite phrase, not at home, is looking through the window all the time to see what passes; and in some convenient time after returns the visit, and is sure to be received in the same manner.

Shopping, as it is called, is another fashionable female amusement; in order to which, two, three, or four ladies, set out to make the tour through the most fashionable shops, and look at all the most fashionable goods, without any intention of laying out a single six-pence. After a whole forenoon spent in plaguing mercers and milliners, they return home, either thoughtless of their folly, or which is worse, exulting at the thoughts of the trouble and disturbance they have occasioned.

But of all the happy inventions discovered by modern ingenuity for the killing of time, card-playing is justly entitled to the pre-eminence; with an immoderate itch for this amusement, which we are at a loss to reckon public or private, both sexes, and all ranks and degrees of people are infected; particularly indolent clergy, and women, who having little to do, dedicate themselves so assiduously to play, that the habit in many is become so strong, as to be foolishly reckoned even useful and necessary to their existence. To cards, when made use of to unbend the mind that is fatigued with study, or to pass away an evil hour, we have no objection, nor do we flatter ourselves, that any thing we can say on the subject, will in the least influence the conduct of such as are habituated to them. We would only, therefore, as we pass along, recommend to the ministers of religion, to set a watch over their tongues, while playing with bad success, lest an unguarded oath, or a few silly exclamations, should do more hurt to religion, and to their sacred character, than they are

aware of. To the fair, when thus engaged, we would recommend the strictest care of their temper, lest something should escape from their lips that may belie the soft, the bewitching appearance, with which nature has painted their exterior forms.

To the female diversions and amusements now mentioned, we might add many more; but, as a bare recital of names, makes a dry and unentertaining page, and as a description would be tedious and insipid, we shall only observe, in general, that such is the human, and particularly female nature, that it constantly shows a greater proclivity to the gay and the amusive, than to the sober and useful scenes of life; and love better to sport away time, amid the flowers that strew the paths of pleasure, than to be entangled among the briars and thorns which perplex the paths of care. But, notwithstanding this, we must do justice to the sex in asserting, that as their attachments are always stronger than those of men, such of them as attach themselves to economy and industry, pursue their plan with a steady and inflexible constancy, which mere nature is perhaps incapable of arriving at; and are neither to be tempted to deviate from it by the hope of pleasure, nor by the fear of danger and of pain.



Butler's Character of an Obstinate Man.—

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once possessed with an error, it is like the devil, only cast out with great difficulty. Whatsoever he lays hold on, like a drowning man, he never loses, though it do but help him to sink the sooner. His ignorance is abrupt and inaccessible, impregnable both by art and nature, and will hold out to the last, though it has nothing but rubbish to defend. It is as dark as pitch, and sticks as fast to any thing it lays hold on. His skull is so thick, that it is proof against any reason, and never cracks but on the wrong side, just opposite to that against which the impression is made, which surgeons say does not happen very frequently. The slighter and more inconsistent his opinions are, the faster he holds them, otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves for opinions that are false ought to be held with more strictness and assurance than those that are true, otherwise they will be apt to betray their owners before they are aware. If he takes to religion, he has faith enough to save a hundred wiser men than himself, if it were right; but it is too much to be good; and though he deny supererogation, utterly disclaim any overplus of merits, yet he allows superabundant belief; and if the violence of faith will carry the kingdom of Heaven, he stands fair for it. He delights most of all to differ in things indifferent, no matter how frivolous they are, they are weighty enough in proportion to his weak-

judgment, and he will rather suffer self-martyrdom than part with the least scruple of his feehold; for it is impossible to dye his dark ignorance into a lighter colour. He is resolved to understand no man's reason but his own, because he finds no man can understand his but himself. His wits are like a sack, which the French proverb says is tied faster before it is full than when it is; and his opinions are like plants that grow upon rocks, that stick fast though they have no rooting. His understanding is hardened like Pharaoh's heart, and is proof against all sorts of judgments whatsoever.



Painting.—Every embellishment that tends to the cultivation of the pleasures of the mind, as distinct from those of sense, may be considered as an inferior school of morality, where the mind is polished and prepared for higher attainments.

Let us for a moment take a short survey of the progress of the mind towards what is, or ought to be, its true object of attention. Man, in his lowest state, has no pleasures but those of sense, and no wants but those of appetite: afterwards, when society is divided into different ranks, and some are appointed to labour for the support of others, those whom their superiority sets free from labour, begin to look for intellectual entertainment. Thus whilst the shepherds were attending their flocks, their masters made the first astronomical observations; so music is said to have had its origin from a man at leisure listening to the strokes of a hammer.

As the senses, in the lowest state of nature, are necessary to direct us to our support, when that support is once secure, there is danger in following them further; to him who has no rule of action but the gratification of the senses, plenty is always dangerous: it is therefore necessary to the happiness of individuals, and still more necessary to the security of society, that the mind should be elevated to the idea of general beauty, and the contemplation of general truth: by this pursuit the mind is always carried forward in search of something more excellent than it finds, and obtains its proper superiority over the common senses of life, by learning to feel itself capable of higher claims and nobler enjoyments. In this gradual exaltation of human nature, every art contributes its contingent towards the general supply of mental pleasure: whatever abstracts the thoughts from sensual gratifications, whatever teaches us to look for happiness ourselves, must advance in some measure, the dignity of our nature.

Perhaps there is no higher proof of the excellency of man than this,—that to a mind properly cultivated, whatever is bounded is little. The mind is continually labouring to advance, step by step, through successive gra-

dations of excellence, towards perfection, which is dimly seen, at a great, though not hopeless distance, and which we must always follow, because we never can attain: but the pursuit rewards itself; one truth teaches another, and our store is always increasing, though nature can never be exhausted. Our art, painting like all arts which address the imagination, is applied to a somewhat lower faculty of the mind, which approaches nearer to sensuality; but through sense and fancy it must make its way to reason; for such is the progress of thought, that we perceive by sense, we combine by fancy, and distinguish by reason: and without carrying our art out of its natural and true character, the more we purify it from every thing that is gross in sense, in that proportion we advance its use and dignity; and in proportion as we lower it to mere sensuality, we pervert its nature, and degrade it from the rank of a liberal art: and this is what every artist ought well to remember. Let him remember also that he deserves just so much encouragement in the state, as he makes himself a member of it virtuously useful, and contributes in his sphere to the general purpose and perfection of society.

The art which we profess has beauty for its object; this it is our business to discover and to express: the beauty of which we are in quest is general and intellectual: it is an idea that subsists only in the mind; the sight never beheld it, nor has the hand expressed it: it is an idea residing in the breast of the artist, which he is always labouring to impart, and which he dies at last without imparting; but which he is yet so far able to communicate, as to raise the thoughts, and extend the views of the spectator; and which, by a succession of art, may be so far diffused, that its effects may extend themselves imperceptibly into public benefits, and be among the means of bestowing on whole nations refinement of taste; which, if it does not lead directly to purity of manners, obviates at least their greatest depravation, by disentangling the mind from appetite, and conducting the thought through successive stages of excellence, till that contemplation of universal rectitude and harmony, which began by taste, may, as it is exalted and refined, conclude in virtue.—*Sir J. Reynolds's Discourses.*



THE MEDITATION OF CASSIN THE SON OF AHMED.

I was a few nights ago, walking over the hills in the western and unfrequented paths of the city Lima, which looks toward the desert of Elcatif; in order to refresh myself after the studies of the day.

As I grew tired with walking I seated myself on the head of one of the highest among that verdant range of mountains, and fell into a profound contemplation on the works of the great Creator, which then presented them-

selves to my view, in the most charming prospect imaginable. The height of the place, the stillness of the season, the majesty and solemnity of the shades, which were at that time silvered over with a bright moonshine; spread through my whole soul a tranquility, not to be felt but by a mind free from guile, and raised by the raptures of religion and devotion. On one hand of the summit where I sat, the town appeared buried in sleep and silence, and produced in my heart those tender overflowings of compassion and humanity which are natural to a generous mind. On the other side, the desert of Elcatif extended its uncultivated dimensions, and by its vastness and ruggedness of landscape, struck my imagination with a kind of pleasing horror. I could observe nothing throughout its savage wastes, but caverns and precipices, broken rocks and mountains, hollow vales, sandy plains, and gloomy forests, with which it is covered. At the foot of the hill, the river which waters Lima, flowed along in a serene calm, whose waters seemed to murmur in their sleep and nod gently to the shore. Over my head the sky shone with a lively blue, whence the beautiful empress of the night dispensed her influence, and the stars twinkled round her throne like so many diamonds, in arch of sapphire: in a word, the place, the season, and the subject of my meditations, all conspired to fix my thoughts and kindle in my bosom the flames of a holy transport.

As I melted away in these delights, I could not help imagining, that the same employment I was then pleasing myself with, bore some analogy to those which regale the departed spirits of good men. O son of Ahmed, said I to myself, do not the inhabitants of Paradise thus admire the works of God! Does not the harmony of their praise rove through the bowers of bliss, and soften the murmurs of the streams of life! Are they not overflowed with a flood of joy, when they search the labyrinths of Creation, and range through the dominions of the Supreme Being! Methinks I behold them lift up their admiring eyes from the fields, green, in an eternal flourish; and with a strengthened and enlarged ken, penetrate into the remote spaces of the ether. They view the various systems that compose our universe, and their intellects are stretched and crowded with this ample vision. Here the fixt stars, like so many suns, beat upon their sight in a tempest of glory. Here the several planets gravitate to their respective suns, and wheel about in a mighty eddy of liquid flame. Here the lesser satellites dance attendance to their primary planets, and with a milder gleam brighten their shades, and refresh their hours of darkness. While all are inhabited by a numerous race of creatures, of different capacities and orders; but all exquisitely adapted to glorify their infinite Maker. While I was in the midst of this soliloquy, and as my thoughts fixed, and grew warm by degrees, a philosophical enquiry started to me, which I did not find easy to answer.

How said I to myself, can the spirits in Paradise, stripped of the human body, taste the delights of those soft and indulgent climates? How will the naked soul be able to behold the wonders of creating art, which are so profusely poured out upon those regions of bliss and immortality.

Can they see the verdure of the hills, and the flourish of the fields, when they have left-

their mortal eyes behind them? or can they, without the ears of the body, be ravished with the concert of warbling birds, rifling streams, and bubbling fountains? Surely in vain will the blossoms throw their odours, and the groves of spices will perfume the air in vain, if the power of smelling be utterly extinguished in the separate spirits of good men; and to what purpose will the fruits blush, or the breezes cool, if the taste be entirely gone, and the nerves can feel no more.

While I was losing myself in these enquiries, I beheld a man seated on the top of a mountain, at some distance, who looked down to me, and with a voice full of majesty called me up. "Cassin," said he, "draw near, be attentive to what I utter, and cease to perplex my mind with the unsearchable mysteries of our world. Know thus much: I am a genius; my name is Secret. The place of my abode is remote, and hidden; joy dwells there, and darkness intercepts the sight of it. Silence shall cover it; death shall lay open its gates. Assume thyself, thou son of Ahmed, that the unembodied geni among us, are perfectly holy and happy, beyond thy glimmering conceptions. What avails it thee to know how they converse; what they see; where they dwell? Cease thy curiosity, and calm thy mind. Would you know what we do here, and be acquainted with all our enjoyments, love your Maker, converse with your own heart, and delight in doing good. The time hastens in which we shall receive our bodies; for the dust shall quicken, and the soul be re-united. That which now is in the grave, stiff and pale, and hastening to clay and ashes, shall revive, shall brighten, shall fly away; beauteous as the morning, vigorous as the light, unfading and immortal. Enquire not how this shall be: go to the looms of Persia, and they shall instruct thee. Dost thou not observe the shining little worm that spins thy garments? lo! he sets thee an example, and inspires thy hopes. He glorifies his Maker, he winds his silken nest for the good of others, and he retires inwards. Having done his work, he dies; being dead, he rises again. You have often seen the useful insect expire, and his skin wither and dry away; and yet even this dry skin become a prolific egg, and a new life spring up in this little monument of death. You have beheld the dead silk-worm revive, a butterfly, the most beautiful and splendid of all that race of insects. What more entertaining specimen of the resurrection is there, in the whole circumference of nature? Here are all the wonder of that day in miniature. It was once a despicable worm, it is raised a kind of painted little bird. Formerly it crawled along with a slow and leisure motion; now it flutters aloft upon its gilded wings; how much improved is its speckled covering, when all the gaudiness of colour is scattered about its plumage. It is spangled with gold and silver, and has every gem of the Orient, sparkling among its curious feathers. Here a brilliant spot, like a clear diamond, twinkles with an unspilled flame, and trembles with numerous lights, that glitter in a gay confusion. There a sapphire casts a milder gleam, and shows like the blue expanse of heaven, in a fair winter evening. In this place, an emerald, like the calm ocean, displays its cheerful and vivid green; and close by a ruby, flames with the ripened blush of the morning; the breast and legs, like ebony; shine with a glorious darkness; while its expanded wings are edged with the golden magnificence of the to-

paz. Thus is the illustrious little creature finished with the divinest art, and looks like an animated composition of jewels, that blend their promiscuous beams about him. Thus O Cassin, shall the bodies of good men be raised; thus shall they shine, and thus fly away. Cease then thy inquiries! learn to live, and long to die. Prepare for our world, and get thy work done quickly.

The genius having spoken these words, continued silent for some time, when my ears were at once surprised with the melody of innumerable voices, and instruments of music which seemed to resound from a great height in the air. Immediately the genius soared away, and my eyes lost him in the sublime ether. I then turned my face eastward, and saw the dawning day smile on the tops of the mountains.

NAMES.

I am one of those old fellows who having long ago retired from the gay world, am the more surprised at any alterations that I may observe to have taken place, and to which I pay particular attention when I visit my old acquaintances in town. It would be needless to inform you, how odd many of the improvements of the present time appear to me; perhaps I have no right to find fault with matters from which at my time of life no pleasure can accrue, and as I have lived sixty years in the world, without being a connoisseur by its fashions or its follies, it may be supposed I ought to pass the rest of my time quietly, without interrupting the enjoyment of others.

But, I confess, when I was last in town, I perceived a particular fashion very much prevail, which has so much occupied my mind, that I shall not be easy unless you favour me with an opportunity to give vent to my observations. In return, I pledge myself not to be peevish or ill-natured; you shall have the *old man*, but not the *sultry old fellow*.

In former times, we had no such thing as *sentiment* and *sentimental*, common sense then was considered as, "though no science, fairly worth the seven." But I find now that *sentiment* prevails so universally in all our thoughts, words, and actions, that a new kind of character is sprung up, and universally prevails, that of men and women of *sentiment*. I was much puzzled to find where this character was drawn from; but I have at length discovered that it is to novels we are indebted for our *sentiment*, and that no person, he or she, has a claim to the character of *sentimental*, whose mind is not completely stored from these valuable repositories of incident and character, called novels. But, my business is not to enquire whether we are gainers or losers by this new character. I am only to take notice of one effect of our love of sentiment, which is giving *sentimental* names to our children. It has probably been observed how much effect a name produces in a novel, and how shockingly vulgar the tender tale would be, were the parties denominated John, or Betty, whereas the very naming of Charles and Maria calls forth our tears at once. Hence it has been (this is only a conjecture of mine) supposed that the same effects might result from giving sentimental names to our children.

My old friend Sapscomb, with whom I resided when in town, has now modelled his fam-

ily. His wife's name, formerly Liddy, is now Lydia; and he has very obligingly given up all right to name any of his children after his father, mother, and other near relations, who happened to be christened on the old plan. The eldest daughter's name is Matilda, the second Arabella, and the third Rosalinda; the two sons are Valentine and Eustace. His maiden sister who was once a-day Molly, is now Maria. The perpetual repetition of these fine names in trifling incidents, creates a jumble which in my mind is ridiculous enough; Matilda's petticoats has been splashed by a coach; Arabella's work-bag cannot be found; and Rosalind is crying for more gooseberry pie. — Valentine is ordered to fetch his father's boots, and Eustace is sent to the post office with a letter, while Maria is out of all patience because Lydia has mislaid her snuff-box. I say, these odd conjunction of names and things appear to me ridiculous; my friend Tim however, is persuaded they are *sentimental*!

Another family where I visit have rather improved on this idea, although much to the inconvenience of their acquaintances, and particularly of myself, whose memory, from my advanced years, is none of the best. Mr. Griskin, not satisfied with one, has appended two or more names to each of his children; the heir apparent (to the trade, shop, and fixtures) is William Caesar Anthony, which last is spelt Antonio; Charles Frederick is the name of the second, and Edward Henry of the third. But what are these to the appellatives of the female part of the family? His wife, who thirty years ago was as plain Dorothy as I can spell it, is now Dorinda; the eldest daughter Charlotte Augusta; the second Sophia Louisa; and the third Henrietta Wilhelmina. One would not have supposed forty years ago that those were the names of a grocer's family; they would have appeared to be the names of the heroes and heroines of a novel. But such is the effect of sentiment. I lived a month in the house before I was able to call the boys and girls by their names; and although every possible kindness was endeavoured to be shewn to me, I had frequent hints of the impropriety of my calling for Neddy, Sophy, and Henry; and to say the truth, it went very much against my conscience to send William Caesar Anthony for a pennyworth of tobacco, or to ask Henrietta Wilhelmina for a night cap that the servant had neglected to furnish me with. Indeed the most pleasant of my blunders was before I had seen the family, when my friend Gregory repeated their names, William Caesar Antonio, Charles Frederick, Edward Henry, Charlotte Augusta, Sophia Louisa, Henrietta Wilhelmina, for, thinking he had thirteen children, I declined lodging in so numerous a family while in town. It reminded me of the mistake of the host to whom Sancho enumerated Don Quixote's titles, and who very simply averred "he had not beds in his house for half those gentlemen."

Had I my life to go over, and again embark in trade, I should be apt to suspect that such correspondents as Theodore, &c. were anonymous, or that their purpose was, not to drive a bargain with me, but to court my daughters. But I have done with the world: it is not now an object whether the world be peopled with Augustus, or Roberts; Henrietas, or Pollys. Yet I confess with all the fondness of a foolish old fellow, that I could wish, before I die

to see a few more Toby's, Zachary's, and Oliver's; and to dandle on my knees a few more Margerys, Bridgets, Barbaras, and Pattys. Alas! that we should go to France, Spain, Italy, and Portugal for names, while the good old names of Richards, Thomas, Dorotheys, and Deberahs are unemployed or consigned to the vulgar employments of carrying out parcels, or trundling the mop. Nor, perhaps, will this long be the case, for the lower class of people are so very ready to imitate their superiors in every fashion, that I shall not wonder to see and hear, Elfrida applying for a nursery maid's place; and Augustus Henry hanged for coining. Then, indeed, what becomes of the high sounding names!

I am what the world calls a warm old dog—I have no immediate relations, and the expectations of my fortune are divided among several families. But, I do openly declare that I positively will not leave a six-pence to a man or woman whose name does not end with a consonant; nothing ending in *i, a, or o*, shall inherit my fortune, except Barbaras, or Deborahs. And I hope that such as have expectations from me will attend to this; my fortune was got by christian means, in a christian country, and shall be left to none but people with christian names.

BARNABY BARBICAN.

To Draw.—What a variety of definitions the verb *to draw* admits of: *To drag ignominiously*, as a traitor is drawn to the place of execution—*to pull along*, as my Lord Mayor's horses do his lordship to the Mansion House—*to attract*, as trees draw lightning, and the brilliancy of Lady Katherine B——'s eyes draw admiration—*to whale* as we draw our breath, and as the poor traveller draws his dinner from the exhalations of the kitchen—*to take liquor from a flask*: hence tavern waiters were formerly called *drawers*, which doubtless gave rise to the family-name *Dracener*, *to arrange*, as armies are drawn up in battle-array, and the *posse comitatus* are drawn out—*to take out by change* where the blanks generally exceed the prizes, as lottery tickets and wives—*to rob* as a pickpocket draws a watch—*to entice*, as a gambler suffers his dupe to win the first game of cards—*to delineate*, as an artist draws a picture, or an author a character—*to embowel*, as a cook draws a bird—*raise the wind*, as kites, alias, bills are drawn—to form in writing, as a lawyer draws a deed; and thereby bangs a tale. A gentleman who had spent some years in the chambers of an eminent conveyancer, applied to an attorney, who had advertised for a clerk. "Can you draw Sir?" inquired Mr. Latitat. "Yes, Sir," replied the candidate. "Very well; then I shall engage you at a salary of a guinea a week. Now I am going to Westminster; I wish during my absence, you would draw a lease from John Heveland to Simeon Holder," so saying he left the chambers. When he returned, in a few hours after he found his clerk very busily employed, with the

original deeds tied up with red tape, drawing them round the room, "What are you about?" cried Latitat in amazement; the other coolly replied, "I am drawing deeds, Sir, at a guinea a week!"

MARRIED—On Monday the 26th inst. by the Rev. Mr. SMITH, WILLIAM C. HICKOK, M. D. of this city, to Miss LAURA ANN PLATT, of Burlington, Vermont.

THEODORE ALLEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Notary Public and Commissioner.
No. 32 PINE-STREET, NEW-YORK.

BOOK-BINDING.—The subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that he still continues the *BOOK-BINDING BUSINESS*, in all its various branches, at No. 83, Cross-street, where all who may favour him with a call may rest assured their work shall be executed with neatness and despatch.

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Music books, gentlemen's libraries, old books, and port-folios, bound to any pattern, and at the shortest notice. July 1.

LECTURES ON LANGUAGE.—Mr. CARDELL will commence, in the course of next week, a series of *Lectures on the Principles of Speech*, under the following heads:—

General view of Language in its earliest forms, deduced from an examination of elementary principles, compared with the condition of man in savage and pastoral communities.

Invention of Letters, and brief history of their progress, with notice of the most important changes to which speech has been subjected from political and moral causes.

History of the English language, from the invasion of Britain by Julius Cesar to the present time.

Philosophic exposition of speech in its present adaptation to physical nature and the purposes of social life.

Classes of words philosophically considered in reference to their application to things.

Names.

Terms of relation and description.

Words denoting action or change.

Grammatical divisions of words, and the principles on which they depend.

Nouns.

Pronouns.

Adjectives.

Verbs. Attempted distinctions of intransitive, passive, and neuter, unfounded in fact, and inapplicable in practice.

Elu relation of moods and tenses.

Etymons and practical exemplifications of the words called auxiliaries.

Verbal formations.—Participles.

Adverbs or contractions.

Prepositions.

Different kinds of words which have been considered as Conjunctions.

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